



OUR SHORT STORY PAGE



Dear Grandmother and Grandfather

By George Weston

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WHEN Mr. Higgins advertised for a bright stenographer (neat and willing) it is doubtful if he knew what a bright stenographer Fate had in store for him, but in any event he selected little Miss Tanser from a dozen applicants, and Miss Tanser joined the office force of Higgins & Company. The rest of the force consisted of the office-boy.

Mr. Higgins was a mellow old gentleman with snow-white hair and a smile that was deceiving. As long as he was getting everything he wanted he was as affable as any patriarch, but at other times he wasn't.

Little Miss Tanser had a nose commonly known as a snub, and it gave her a particularly saucy appearance because it was freckled. When she worked the typewriter her hands moved so quickly that they looked like two white blurs and the machine made a noise like the chattering of teeth. Whereat Mr. Higgins, listening at the door of his private room, rubbed his hands together and smiled deviously.

The office-boy was morose and dignified and for the first half-hour his speech with Miss Tanser was confined to single syllables grudgingly enunciated, but when he walked over to her desk and silently took a pencil from her top drawer, Miss Tanser had an idea which she carried out by dashing a sheet of paper into her typewriter and writing these few lines:

"Dear Grandmother and Grandfather—I have a new place and I like it ever so much. It beats my old place all to pieces. I'll bet they're sorry I left, but it will teach them a lesson."

"There is an awfully nice boy here. His name is Henry. He is really more than a boy; he is a clerk, and I can see that Mr. Higgins places great trust in him. He has nice brown eyes and very gentlemanly ways, and I know that I shall get along well with him."

"I must close now, as there are a lot of letters waiting for me, and so good-bye until you hear again from me."

"Your affectionate,"

"Virginia."

This letter she placed in her top drawer by the pencils, and just before she went out to lunch she took Henry's pencil from his desk when he wasn't looking.

"I think I'll strike for a raise," said little Miss Tanser to Henry one morning a month later.

Henry shook his head.

"That's what they all thought," he said, "but none of them got it."

"That's all right," said little Miss Tanser, tossing her head, "I'll get it."

"You want to look out," said Henry, speaking darkly.

"Why do I want to look out?"

"When he gets going," said Henry, indicating with his head, Mr. Higgins' private room, "it's hard to stop him."

Little Miss Tanser's nose was never so freely expressive.

"Did any of the others do as much work as me?" she asked.

"You do twice as much," said Henry.

"Well, if he puts me off, I'll be slower with my work, and I'll come down late in the morning, and I'll slam the typewriter around, and—Pooh! There are lots of ways!"

Following out one of these many ways, she drew from her typewriter an important letter which she was writing for the patriarchal Mr. Higgins, and wrote these lines:

"Dear Grandmother and Grandfather—Well, I have been here a month now and I like my place more and more every day. Mr. Higgins is so nice and kind; he is so clever, too; it is a pleasure to work for him. Mr. Smith asked me the other day where I was working and I told him 'Higgins & Company.' He said 'You don't know who you're working for, I regard Mr. Higgins as the shrewdest business man in town.' He asked me if I was thinking of changing, and I said No. He said: 'Any time you want a place, come to me. I'll start you at \$15 a week, and the hours are easy, too.' I only smiled."

"The Higginses are a very old and wealthy family, but they aren't the kind that brag about it. Of course I'm only getting \$10 here now, but he isn't the kind to let bright and faithful service go unrewarded. I hope the next time I write that I'll be able to tell you about my raise, and so good-bye from

"Your loving

"Virginia."

Little Miss Tanser placed this letter underneath the important letter for which Mr. Higgins was waiting, and instead of taking them into his private office she put them both in the

drawer of her desk and went out to lunch. In the hall outside she stopped for a minute, and through the transom she heard Mr. Higgins come out of his room in search of that important letter.

She heard him walk over to her desk and she heard him open the drawer.

The third morning that Miss Tanser was late Mr. Higgins was waiting for her, and it was not so much the things he said that bothered Miss Tanser as the fact that Henry heard it all. She took her dictation that morning in perfect silence and with her nose so high in the air that she could hardly see her note-book, and before she went to lunch she wrote the following grand-fatherly lines:

"Dear Grandmother and Grandfather—Mamma didn't want me to come to work to-day because I'm not feeling very well, but I insisted because Old Snooter (that is the name I call old Higgins—he-hat) is so cranky lately that I just detest him, really. No; I did not get my raise to \$15, and I am thinking of leaving this place. I have had three or four disagreements with him lately, and I have made him look very foolish. He said some very unpleasant things to me this morning. Old Snooter did, and when I went into his private office to take his old dictation I told him I didn't think he was a gentleman."

"He said, 'Well, Miss Tanser, you are very witty, indeed, but I don't care to have you use your wit on me.' He-hat! I laughed out loud. Right in his face. He is very sneaky, and I told him so. I told him I didn't need to have any one sneaking around looking after me. I told him I was not thick, and he said, 'No, that's the trouble; there is not a thick brain in your head.' Ha-ha!"

"Your affectionate

"Virginia."

This letter she placed in her top drawer over the pencils. She borrowed Henry's pencil on her way out and when she came back the letter was gone.

"Did you take a letter out of my drawer, Henry?" she asked.

"No," said Henry, "but Mr. Higgins took something out. He said he wanted to see you as soon as you came in."

"Miss Tanser—" he began.

"Yes, sir?"

"I—er—"

"Yes, sir?"

Mr. Higgins ruffled his snow-white hair and looked like anything but a patriarch. "I—er—I wish to give you a patriarch," he exclaimed in a burst of inspiration. "Take a letter, please. 'Dear Grandmother and Grandfather—'"

"Just a moment, Mr. Higgins," said little Miss Tanser. "I hear the telephone-bell outside."

She hurried out in her usual bright, brisk manner, and when Mr. Higgins, impatient to continue his letter to his grandparents, looked out into the general office there was no one there but Henry.

"Where is Miss Tanser?" he asked.

"She put on her hat and said good-bye," said Henry.

"Did she say anything else?" demanded Mr. Higgins.

"No, sir," said Henry. "She only laughed."

A GENTLE ASPERSION.

Among the prisoners brought before a Chicago police magistrate one Monday morning was one, a beggar, whose face was by no means an unfamiliar one to the judge.

"I am informed that you have again been found begging in the public streets," said his honor, sternly, "and yet you carried in your pocket over ten dollars in currency."

"Yes, your honor," proudly returned the mendicant. "I may not be as industrious as some, but, sir, I am no spend-thrift."

PROFITABLE REMORSE.

A well-known hotel-keeper and politician of Ohio received an appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. Arriving at his office one morning, he found on his desk a letter addressed to him officially, and without any postmark. Upon opening the letter he was surprised to find a five hundred dollar bill, to which was pinned a piece of paper with these words, "Conscience money." Folding up the greenback and tucking it carefully in his vest pocket, he remarked: "Always did suspect that bartender of mine."

TAKING THOUGHT.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell." The mother solemnly promised to

commit no faux pas, and as she went down stairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of dependency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't—"

"No, Clara, replied the mother emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said, 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"

A Greek God Reincarnated

JUST two years ago a young American boy seeking fame and fortune in artistic lines wandered into Athens and quietly took up a small studio on one of the top floors of an old building.

Before a week had gone by some artists had discovered the American boy and were so enthusiastic over his work that they introduced him to several of the established artists of Athens. They were immediately struck by the wonderful beauty of the young artist and impressed by the talent shown in his paintings, sketches and sculptures. In a month he was the "rage" of Athens. Society took him up—honored him; the artists encouraged him and when he

unique. New York Society has enjoyed him for the past winter, but professionally only, for Paul Swan is a recluse and as soon as his performance is over he steals quietly away. He has painted wonderful pictures of Nazimova, and many portraits of the children of the four hundred of New York. He has sculptured busts of many of the prominent men and women. He has interpreted original dancers that are children of his brain and soul.

His popularity is second to none and he is worshipped by every class of men and women from high society to the Suffragists for whom he appeared in public twice last winter with only a leopard skin to cover him.



Dance of the Sphinx.

gave a public dance interpreting the classic music loved by all music lovers he was "taken up" and caressed and flattered by the theatrical, operatic and musical circles of Athens. The papers lauded the career of this boy, the magazines were full of his photos and most enthusiastic criticisms of his work. The masses followed him on the streets, and when he entered a cafe he was the center of all interest. It was this continued ovation which finally drove him from Athens six months later. He couldn't stand such audible recognition as he continually received.

The American boy was Paul Swan, known as "Iolaus" when he dances, which he does often for the society people of New York. His interpretations are novel, artistic and well presented. His costume harmonious and

Athens is soon again to claim her own however. Paul Swan is American by birth but a Grecian at heart. Athens claimed him must be the son of a God. Artists have unanimously agreed that he is the perfect Grecian type of the mythological days of Greece and many myths were started as regarded his origin. When one first sees him an involuntary exclamation bursts forth, "Surely a Greek God in the flesh!" That he is a Greek god reincarnated is an accepted fact in that home of art. When he once again goes to Athens he will be welcomed almost as a king. For since the days of Byron, whom everyone knows was the hero of the day, the love of the Athenians, no man has ever been so beloved, so honored, so revered by these people as Paul Swan, "Iolaus" in the home of his adoption.

PREDESTINED TO THE BAR.

Doctor Norris, of Goldfield, Nevada, called his eight-year-old son into the library after breakfast the other morning, and regarded him with a sad frown.

"Harry," he said, "why are you so often late at school?"

"I'm never late, father," Harry responded promptly.

"Careful, son," said the Doctor. "Try to remember. Haven't you been late at school in the last few days?"

"No, sir."

"Then why has your teacher written me this letter, saying you were late three times last week?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, father," said Harry reassuringly. "I don't know what kind of a clock they have at our school, but I'm always on time. Of course, they start school sometimes before I get there, but that isn't my fault—is it?"

A TACTFUL REQUEST.

Dobbiegh was a confirmed borrower, and what was worse, he seldom returned the borrowed articles. He had held on to Whitley's umbrella, for instance, for nearly a year.

"And I'm blest if I know how I am ever going to get it back," said Whitley. "Easy," said Dobbiegh. "Call a messenger and send Dobbiegh this note."

And he scribbled off the following: "Dear Dobbiegh: If you can spare it I'd like to borrow that umbrella of mine for a couple of days. Can you oblige me?"

NO SALE.

"Hill work?" replied the demonstrator, after Stiggins had inspected the new car carefully. "Hill work? Why that's our strong point, Mr. Stiggins. This car can climb a tree."

"Ha! hum!" demurred Stiggins. "Then I guess I'll look elsewhere. I never saw a car yet that climbed trees that was any good afterward."

HOW THE PROFESSOR WAS THWARTED.

There is a certain venerable college professor in New York who is esteemed for his great learning by all who know him, and loved by all for his benevolent and kindly character. Despite his learning and kindness, however, the professor has his little pet failing, which takes the form of making interminably long after-dinner speeches. Once he gets well into his subject, he unconsciously falls into class-room habits, and his remarks assume the aspect of a complete lecture.

At the annual alumni dinner of the professor's college he has been for many years the senior guest and speaker. The dinner has usually been very formal, solemn and depressing, so the younger element resolved to try to liven up the occasion. Until recently, however, the venerable professor has always unwittingly succeeded in thwarting their aims, for he had to be called upon for a "few words," whereupon he would arise, smiling and serene, and speak for never less than one hour.

This year the dinner committee resolved to take heroic measures to save the occasion, but could think of no plan to head off the worthy professor without running the risk of offending or slighting him. One of the graduates, however, a youth who had been in the professor's class throughout the current year, got wind of the committee's difficulty and, without divulging the nature of his plan, announced that he would single-handedly vanquish the professor.

The night of the dinner came, and the president (the toast-master being abolished, as per schedule) called upon the professor, according to custom, to "say a few words." The venerable gentleman arose and commenced to give his reminiscences of the college, beginning 1855. He ambled along slowly from 1850 to 1857, and was just concluding an anecdote concerning some event in 1859, when the youth with the magic charm drew something from his pocket unobserved and held it under the table. Instantly there was the prolonged ring of an electric bell, such as are placed in the class-rooms to announce the end of a lecture. The professor came to an abrupt stop. He absent-mindedly made a movement as though to gather up his books, and hastily concluding with, "Gentlemen, we will continue the lecture to-morrow," sat down amid deafening applause. Under its cover those near him quickly engaged him in close conversation, and the incident seemingly passed from his mind. It is possible that he does not yet realize just what happened. Anyway, the dinner was saved.

THE HARD LUCK OF PATSY FIN-NEGAN.

He was working with trowel and mortar when I first met him, and, in spite of his age, seemed to be about as active as any of his far younger associates. Indeed, as I watched him at his labors, it appeared to me that he worked better than they, belonging, perhaps, to a generation of labor that, instead of doing as little as it could for as much as it could get, believed in the principle of giving every man his due, even a contractor. After he had set several dozen bricks in the wall, he turned from his work and gazed off at the sun for a moment and then fanned himself with his trowel.

"Kind of hot work out here in the sun," I ventured.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully, "but Oi ain't complainin'. If y'd ever troied shovellin' snow in a blizzard y'd wouldn't find much to kick about in a noice warrum job loike this."

"Been at it a good many years, I suppose?" said I.

"Forty-sivin years," he answered.

"Good long time that," said I. "Almost time to retire, I should say—considering your age."

"Oi don't moind workin'," he answered. "It kapes me from t'inkin' about me hard luck."

"Hard luck?" said I. "Have you really had hard luck?"

"Yes," said he. "Oi don't know of any man who's had much worse."

"That's too bad," said I.

"Ah, well," he smiled, "we've got to take it as it comes."

"Lose your money on Wall Street?" I queried.

"Not me," he answered. "Oi niver had anny to lose. My hard luck begun the day Oi was born."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Yes," he went on; "ye see, sorr, Oi'm a twin brother of Mither Andrew Carnegie, sorr. We was born the same day and the same hour, and but for wan little t'ing Oi might have been as rich as him."

"You Carnegie's twin brother?" I demanded.

"Yes, sorr, only there was wan little t'ing that s'booted between me and riches."

"What was that?" I asked.

"We didn't have the same parints," he volunteered.

Whereupon he resumed his brick-laying, and I went on speculating sadly upon the strange chances in this lottery called life.

BLOODLESS SPORT

WE are glad to note that the sentiment in favor of bloodless hunting is increasing in all parts of the country. It is the unnecessary shedding of innocent gore that has kept many a parent from letting his offspring have a gun, when if people would only give over killing, the whole situation would be changed, and we would bring up our boys to be good shots without making them join the Navy or enter West Point. We hope to see the day when the hunting items from various parts of the country will read something like the following budget of news:

Abner Peabody, of Bath, Maine, while hunting in the woods near Moosehead Lake last Thursday, shot for he had to be called upon for a "few words," whereupon he would arise, smiling and serene, and speak for never less than one hour.

The season on dandelions opens in the Adirondacks next Thursday, and already some crack shots from New York, Albany and Syracuse are on hand eager for the chase.

A cable despatch from Zamboanga states that Lord Melonhurst, who is shooting over the Congo preserves of the Earl of Morthall, bagged thirty-five brace of juniper bushes and not less than three hundred pine cones in one morning's shoot last week. The Congo authorities are seriously considering a closed season on all vegetation for the next seven years.

Zenas Pillsbury, of Pallettsbury, Michigan, reports that huckleberry-shooting in the upper waters of the Asikindak River is better than it ever was before. He brought down eighteen quarts last Saturday night with

one load of buckshot fired at random into the brush.

Shooting oranges with buckshot has been forbidden by statute in Lower California, owing to the large amount of orange juice squirted on passers-by at the moment of impact. Expert orange-shooters always bring down the fruit unpunctured by aiming slowly and not firing until the twig is covered.

A sad accident is reported from Asheville, North Carolina, where Col. Richardson Boshyschell, while jacking for watermelons last Thursday night, shot three negroes in the fleshy part of the back, mistaking them for one of his melons, which are running large this season.

The potato shoot at the Saskatchewan Hunt Club last Saturday was a very successful affair. The silver vanity bag presented by the governor for first prize was won by Horace Lillyblissom, who missed only four potatoes in six bushels sprung from the traps. The second prize, a platinum egg-cup and fork, was won by Templeton Simpkins, with a record of six misses in twenty-three pecks. The booty prize was awarded to the ever-popular Billy Peters, who didn't miss any, but took his fried.

The Maplestone Rifle Club starts for Indiana on Monday next for its annual annual hunt. Last year they brought home three carloads, but it is hardly expected that they will do so well this year, the country having already been pretty well beaten up and denuded of game by the squash trust.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTING NOTES.

Vassar College has decided not to put up a crew against Yale and Harvard this year, but a challenge to a Marathon Crocheting Contest has been forwarded by the Sorosis Athletic Association at Poughkeepsie, to the athletic authorities at New Haven and Cambridge. If the challenge is accepted the contest promises to be a rick-racking affair.

Thomas Rogwallader, of the class of '10, Tinkleton College, was disqualified in the pole-vault at the dual track meet between Tinkleton and the Hamberger High School at Ossawatimie, last Saturday, because after breaking all records with a vault of twenty-six feet eight inches, he was found to have concealed ten toy balloons in the folds of his sweater. We are sorry for the young man, but in the interest of clean collegiate athletics we are glad that the judges had the courage to make an example of him.

Some discussion as to whether taking a position as a waiter in a summer hotel renders a college man ineligible as a professional in collegiate athletics has been indulged in lately. It seems to us that it all depends upon what kind of a waiter the young man becomes. For instance, while we should disqualify the Bangham Sophomore who passed up the fish-balls at the Squeezee Mountain House last summer from putting the shot, or throwing the hammer, as a professional, we could not conscientiously bar him on the same ground as a sprinter, in view of the time made in bringing us our second cup of coffee. This is obviously a case where common sense should rule.

Professor Digby Dustybrain, Chairman of the Athletic Advisory Board of the Dustybrain University of Stenography, writes to say, apropos of the discussion as to four miles as a proper length for an eight-oared race, that if two oars apiece were given to the oarsmen, and each boat were to be rowed one-half mile by a single member of its crew while the others rested, the strain on the whole eight would not be so great. At first glance there seems to be something in this theory, and we hope the stewards of the various Collegiate Rowing Associations will take it up.

The attempt at Huckleberry College to make sport more democratic by choosing members of the crew by popular vote has not worked out as well as had been hoped by the originators of the idea. The overwhelming popularity of "Stuffy" Maginnis, of the Junior Class, resulted in his election as coxswain of the college eight by an enormous majority, although "Stuffy" weighs three hundred and ten pounds stripped. As a consequence of this seven of the eight chosen struck, leaving the Huckleberry crew, on the eve of its annual contest with Boshyluk, with only a coxswain and a bow oar who had never sat in a boat before in his life.

BREAKFAST HOURS.

A traveller stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk: "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half-past March to a quarter to May."

TACTFUL.

Dorothy, aged eight years, was very fond of going to church, and when a severe cold made it unwise for her to be allowed to attend services one Sunday morning she was disconsolate.

"Fraud!" she read the Bible to you," her father assured her.

"I don't want to hear the Bible read. I want to say my prayers," objected the child.

"God will hear your prayers just the same if you say them at home as if you were in church," she was told.

"But I don't know any without the prayer-book," argued Dorothy.

"Why, you know. Now I lay me down to sleep," papa said.

"But God has heard that so often," she remonstrated.

AMARANTHA'S WOOING.

She staggered slightly as he entered the drawing-room, and Postlethwaite, with the shadow of a frown on his face, paused. In a moment she had fallen to her knees, and as he glanced at her Postlethwaite was deeply embarrassed at the look of appeal in her eyes. Might she not have spared him this? She was as familiar as he with the impossibility of it all, and it was distinctly unfair to give him the pain of refusing.

"George," she pleaded, holding out her arms toward him imploringly. "Can you refuse me? Please—O George—"

"You know that I am engaged to another," Amarantha, he faltered. "And to your best friend. You might have spared me—"

"Engaged to another?" she cried. "Engaged to another? Of course I know it—"

"And yet you ask me to—"

"I merely ask you to help me up on my feet again," she answered, coldly. "This hobble-shirt binds me like a rope."

MATHEMATICS.

I have to do such silly sums

Like this: "If you had two

Nice pears and gave your sister one,

How many'd he left you?"

Now, teacher knows as well as me

I'd have the same pears still.

'Cause I haven't any sister—

(And I hope I never will!)

But every time I answer, "Two!"

She says: "Not just one!"

So that's the way my trouble with

Arithmetic begun!

I will not make believe I have

A sister just for school.

But teacher says until I do

I'm on the dance's stool!

Mazie V. Caruthers.

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.

The car labored heavily over wet and

deeply-carred roads.

"Have you any idea where we are?"

asked Blinks.

"No," said Garraway, "though the

roads suggest we are near either Water-

ville or Rutland—I don't know which."

ALL THE SAME.

Tutterson: "Did Bronson leave a

will?"

Smithers: "Yes—that is, he left a

widow, and she'd represented all the

will Bronson had for twenty-five

years."

THE MAKE OF HER.

"Who made you, little girl?"

"Well, mum, Providence made me